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SOME HUMOROUS CHAP-BOOKS.

'WHAT are chap-books?' is a question that may well be asked without any loss of dignity, and without the sensation that you are 'exposing your ignorance.' Dearly loved as these little books are by collectors, they are scarce—consequently, somewhat high in price—and very rarely come within the ken of ordinary readers. What has become of the hundreds of thousands of these books that were sold during the last century, is a problem hard to solve. The greater number have become worn, torn, scattered, lost; the fire has claimed some; the buttermilk utilised others; and the devouring maws of the paper-mills have accounted for the extinction of more. Their price was so low—usually a penny—that there was no incentive to preserve them; whilst, being in the form of unsewn tracts, they were exposed to all the accidents of tearing and soiling.

We who in these latter days are so abundantly supplied with cheap and good literature, can hardly refrain from a smile at the mental food that was supplied to the generations who read chap-books. But we must not forget that in cottage-homes and among the labouring classes, money was scarcer then than now, and that the very defective means of intercommunication rendered the visit of the pedler or chapman, who carried these tracts—whence the name—an event to be looked forward to. He certainly carried an assortment of literature to suit all tastes; and his price was so moderate, that any one, almost, could make a purchase from the 'flying stationer,' as he was called in later times. Did you wish Bible stories?—there were Joseph and his Brethren, The Gospel of Nicodemus, The Life of Joseph of Arimathea. Or revel in the diabolical?—then you might have the histories of Friar Bacon and Dr Faustus, or the dread secrets revealed in The Witch of the Woodlands. If any one wanted to go sleepless to bed and start at his own shadow, he could do so by reading The Duke of Buckingham's Father's Ghost, or the Portsmouth or Guildford

Ghost; and if he were purely superstitious, then there were The Interpretation of Dreams and Moles, the prophecies of Nixon and Mother Shipton, and many kinds of Fortune Books. In the department of Romance, you might have Reynard the Fox, Valentine and Orson, Fortunatus, Guy of Warwick, Sir Bevis of Hampton, St George, Patient Grissel, Jack and the Giants, Tom Hickathrift or Tom Thumb; whilst of humorous ones you could have a wide choice. Should your taste run on old stories, Adam Bell, Robin Hood, The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, or The Babes in the Wood, might suit you. History ranged from the time of the Romans to Charles I., or later, including Fair Rosamond, Jane Shore, Wat Tyler, and Whittington. There were also short accounts of popular books, such as Sir John Mandeville's Travels, Robinson Crusoe, and many others, even including such different themes as Cookery receipts and Æsop's Fables.

All these, however, are but a tithe of the assortment the purchaser had to choose from. The writer has made a list of over one hundred and twenty issued by one firm alone during the latter half of the last century, a time when chap-books were in their glory, when they had woodcuts which really pertained to them, and were not the miserable reprints, principally published in northern towns in the early part of this century, on bad paper, in wretched worn-out type, and with engravings taken at haphazard.

In giving a few specimens of these old chap-books, let us begin with the Wise Men of Gotham, which was written by Andrew Borde or Boorde, Doctor of Physic, who lived in the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, was educated at Oxford, became a Carthusian monk, and who, on the suppression of his order by Henry VIII., escaped abroad, and travelled over many parts of Europe and some portion of Africa. Settled at Montpellier as a physician, the eccentric doctor also practised as such on his return to England; and from some cause, now unknown, he was imprisoned in the Fleet, where he died in 1549. The Wise Men of Gotham are a collection of

tales of the most amazing and stolid stupidity, of the inhabitants of the county of Nottingham, as tale number three will testify: 'On a time the Men of Gotham would fain have pinned in the Cuckoo, that she might sing all the year. All in the midst of the town they had a hedge made round in compass, and got a Cuckoo, and put her into it, and said: Sing here, and you shall lack neither meat nor drink all the year.—The Cuckoo, when she perceived herself encompassed within the hedge, flew away.—A vengeance on her, said these Wise Men; we made not the hedge high enough.'

Tale five will match it. 'A Man of Gotham bought at Nottingham Market a trivet [or three-legged stool], made of bar-iron, and going home with it, his shoulder grew weary of the carriage; he set it down, and seeing it had three feet, said: Thou hast three feet, and I but two; thou shalt bear me home, if thou wilt. So set himself down on it, saying:

Bear me along as I have bore thee,
For if thou dost not, thou shalt stand still for me.

The Man of Gotham seeing that his trivet would not move—Stand still, said he, in the Mayor's name, and follow me if thou wilt; and I can show thee the way.—When he went home, his wife asked him where the trivet was. He told her it had three legs, and he but two, and he had taught it the ready way to his house; and therefore it might come home itself if it would.—Where did you leave the trivet? said the woman.—At Gotham Bridge, said he.—So she immediately went and fetched the trivet; otherwise she must have lost it, on account of her husband's want of wit.

Tale seven is a story of still more crass stupidity. 'One Good-Friday the Men of Gotham consulted together what to do with their white herrings, red herrings, sprats, and salt fish; and agreed that all such fish should be cast into the pond or pool in the middle of the town, that the number of them might increase against the next year. Therefore, every one that had any fish left did cast them immediately into the pond. Then said one: I have as yet gotten left so many red herrings.—Well, said another, and I have left so many whittings.—Another immediately cried out: I have as yet gotten so many sprats left. And said the last: I have as yet gotten so many salt fishes; let them go together in the great pond without distinction, and we may be sure to fare like lords the next year.—At the beginning of the next Lent, they immediately went about drawing the pond, imagining they should have the fish; but were much surprised to find nothing but a great eel.—Ah! said they, a mischief on this eel, for he hath eaten up our fish.—What must we do with him? said one to the other.—Kill him, said one.—Chop him in pieces, said another.—Nay, not so, said the other; let us drown him.—Be it accordingly so, replied them

all. So they immediately went to another pond, and cast the eel into the water.—Lie there, said these wise men, and shift for thyself, since you may not expect any help of us.—So they left the eel to be drowned.' Before dismissing these 'Merie Tales,' as they are designated on the title-page, it may be stated that there are two Gothams in England—one in Notts, and the other on the south coast—which has led to some difficulty as to which of the two, certain of the tales refer. The honour, however, is certainly a dubious one!

Joe Miller's name is a household word, and it is a proverb to say of a stale joke, 'That is a very old Joe.' He was born in 1684, and died in 1738; and his character is well summed up in his epitaph—which was visible on his tombstone as lately as 1852, in St Clement's burial-ground, Portugal Street, now destroyed: 'Here Lye the Remains of honest Jo MILLER, who was a tender Husband, a Sincere friend, a facetious companion, and an excellent Comedian;' &c.

His jests were collected by John Mottley, a dramatist, and first published in 1739. The chap-book version—published about 1750—has many extraneous jokes; but those given below are veritable 'Joes,' and may be found in Mottley's first edition. 'An Irish lawyer of the Temple having occasion to go to dinner, left this direction in the keyhole: Gone to the *Elephant and Castle*, where you will find me; and if you cannot read this, carry it to the Stationer's, and he will read it for you.'

'A gentleman who had been a-shooting, brought home a small bird with him, and having an Irish servant, he asked him if he had shot that little bird.—Yes, he told him.—Arrah, by my father, replied the Irishman, it was not worth the powder and shot, for this little thing would have died in the fall.'

'A young fellow riding down a steep hill, doubting if the foot of it was boggish, called out to a clown that was ditching, and asked if it was hard at the bottom. Ay, answered the countryman; it is hard enough at the bottom, I warrant you. But in half-a-dozen steps the horse sank up to the saddle-girths, which made the young gallant whip and spurr and utter oaths. You rascal, said he to the ditcher, didst thou not tell me that it was hard at the bottom?—Ay, said the ditcher; but you are not half-way to the bottom yet.'

'An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living; said the Welshman: There is such noble housekeeping in Wales, that I have known above a dozen cooks to be employed at one wedding dinner.—Ay, replied the Englishman, that was because every man toasted his own cheese.'

'A certain lady of quality sending her Irish footman to fetch home a pair of new stays, strictly charged him to take a coach if it rained, for fear of wetting them. But a great shower falling, the fellow returned with the stays dripping wet; and being severely reprimanded for not doing as he

was ordered, he said he had obeyed his orders.—How then, answered the lady, could the stays be wet, if you took them in the coach with you?—No, replied honest Teague; I know my place better. I did not get into the coach, but rode behind, as I always used to do.

One more extract must close this notice of Joe Miller's jests. 'A country clergyman meeting a neighbour who never came to church, although an old fellow about sixty, he gave him some reproof on that account, and asked him if he never read at home.—No, replied the clown; I cannot read.—I daresay, said the parson, you don't know who made you?—Not I, in troth, said the countryman.—A little boy coming by at the time: Who made you, child? said the parson.—God, sir, said the boy.—Why, look you there, quoth the clergyman; are you not ashamed to hear a child five or six years old tell me who made him, when you, who are so old a man, cannot?—Ah! said the countryman, it is no wonder that he should remember; he was made but the other day, and it is a long while, measter, since I was made.'

There were other humorous books, as The Poet's Jestbook, out of which the following are taken. 'Some gentlemen coming to a friend's house, he treated them with some of his own drink, which was flat; but one of the company praising it highly, and being asked the reason, he said, that we ought always to speak well of the dead.'

'A certain shoemaker of Canterbury by his extravagancy had wasted his whole stock: his creditors came so fast on him, he was obliged to pack up and march off. Travelling towards London near Rochester, by the side of a wood stood a gentleman's house, and hard by a couple of turkeys, who, upon his approach, cried out Cobble, cobble, cobble! to which he angrily answered, it was a lie, for it was well known he was no cobbler, but a shoemaker. Being terribly vexed, observing the coast to be clear, he whips up one of the turkeys, clapped it under his coat, and was marching off, but considered he had as good to take the other for company, which he did; but the gentleman saw him through a window, and followed, and overtook him. Said he: Friend, what business have you with that turkey?—Sir, said he, he abused me in calling me cobbler, when it is well known I am a shoemaker.—Ay, but, said the gentleman, what do you intend to do with the other?—Why, truly, sir, said he, I take him to bear witness of my abuse.'

There were riddles, of course; and two chap-books—The Puzzle, and its answer, The Nuts Cracked—contain five hundred and sixteen. As a rule, they are below the average; still, there are some worth preserving, as denoting the feelings of the times. 'Why is Handel so much talked of? Because he is a man of note.—Why is White's Chocolate House like Hercules? Because it has a great Club.—Why is Broughton the Boxer like a good boy? Because he is never beat.—Why

is Broughton the Boxer like a Bachelor? Because he ne'er met with his match.—Why is Orator Henley like a pastrycook? Because he deals in puffs.—Why is Garrick manly enough? Because he does not act a Miss.' Still duller are those in a Whetstone for Dull Wits, Delights for Young Men and Maids, or Wit newly Revived. One of the best in the last is:

Two brothers we are;
Great burdens we bear,
By which we are bitterly press'd;
In truth, we may say
We are full all the day,
But empty when we go to rest.

A Pair of Shoes.

There is a very peculiar chap-book, which, although it ran through several editions, was never imitated. It was called, A Strange and Wonderful Relation of the Old Woman who was drowned at Ratcliffe Highway, a fortnight ago, &c. A small portion of it will be sufficient to serve as a sample of the whole. 'It was the last Monday morning about four o'clock in the afternoon, before sun-rising, going over Highgate Hill, I asked him if the Old Woman was dead that was drowned at Ratcliffe Highway a few nights ago. He told me he could not tell; but if I went a little farther, I should meet with two young men on horse-back, riding under a mare in a blue red jerkin and a pair of white freestone breeches, and they would give intelligence, &c.' And so on the absurdity runs. If to thisrodomontade is added the fact that the illustrations, which are plentiful, are drawn from all sources, irrespective of the text, some idea may be formed of this literary curiosity.

Then there was The Birth, Life, and Death of John Franks, with the Pranks he Played, Though a Mere Fool, which seems really to have been the chronicle of the exploits of a poor idiot who lived near Dunmow. One of the best stories in the little book is the following: 'Jack was often upon the ramble. One day he went up to a yeoman's house who loved to make sport with him. The servants being all busy and abroad, none but the fool and he were together. Mr Sorrel, says Jack, shall we play at blindman's-buff?—Ay, says he, with all my heart, Jack.—You shall be blinded, says Jack.—That I will, Jack, said he. So pinning a napkin about his eyes and head—Now turn about, says Jack. But you see, Mr Sorrel, you see.—No, Jack, said he; I do not see.—Jack shuffled about the kitchen in order to catch him, still crying, You see. But when he found he did not see, he ran to the chimney, and whipt down some puddings, and put them into his pocket. This he did every time he came to that end of the room, till he had filled his pockets and breeches. The doors being open, away runs Jack, leaving the goodman blindfolded, who, wondering he did not hear the fool, cried out: Jack, Jack! But finding no answer, he pulled off the napkin, and seeing the fool gone, and that he had taken so many puddings with him, was so enraged that he sent his bloodhounds after him; which, when Jack perceived, he takes a pudding and flings it at them. The dogs smelling the pudding, Jack gained ground the time; and still, as the dogs pursued, he threw a pudding at them; and this he did till he came to a house.—This was spread abroad, to the shame and vexation

of the farmer. Some time after, Mr Sorrel and some other tenants went to see the fool's master. Jack espying them, went and told his lady that Mr Sorrel was come. The lady being afraid the fool might offend him by speaking of the puddings, told Jack he should be whipped if he mentioned them. But when they were at dinner, Jack went and shook Mr Sorrel by the hand, saying, How is it, Mr Sorrel? Then seeming to whisper, but speaking so loud that all the company heard him, said: Not a word of the puddings, Mr Sorrel. At this, they all burst into laughter; but the honest man was so ashamed, that he never came there again.

Many other productions of a similar kind might be referred to; but enough has been given to show that the good folks of one hundred years ago had something to laugh at, even if the matter does not quite come up to our nineteenth-century ideas.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XLIX.—UNCLE WALTER AT HOME.

THE chilly sunshine of a London winter's day, when horses' iron-shod feet rang hard upon the metallated roadway, shone in at the bright plate-glass windows of that spacious Kensington villa, the owner of which, as registered in Blue Book and Red Book and Postal Directory, was Walter Denham, Esquire. And within that house was Mr Walter Denham, as busy as a bee, with a meritorious sense of the trouble which he took, such as idle men who ride hobbies are apt to feel, newly arrived from abroad, and engaged in sifting and sorting the treasures that his keen scent for buried rarities had unearthed. The rich spoils that he had gathered were not all from Spain. True, yonder Moorish dagger, with the jewelled haft and the curved blade, and the name of the armourer upon it, in gilt Arabic characters, who made it in distant Fez, when Muley Abderraman was king of Granada, had been got for half its value out of a Seville dealer in curiosities. That splendid Castilian corselet, of steel inlaid with gold, such as Toledo furnished when the aristocracy of Spain were crusading cavaliers, instead of the little betitled gentlemen who now bear their weighty names, had been picked up at Burgos. But there were laces that Roman village priests must have been coaxed to sell, with the consent, doubtless, of their churchwardens; and pictures that had hung long in mouldy Tuscan palaces; and flashing toys made in Paris before the Revolution was a reality.

Uncle Walter bustled gaily to and fro, giving orders, at times, to his Italian valet; and then, with his own white hands, glistening with rings, adjusting the objects that were to decorate rose-wood stands and marble tables and ebony brackets, here and there. The pretty toys that Bertram had seen years before in the same place, were gone. Money in the Funds, money at the Bank, no doubt represented those vanished visions of beauty. But there were fresh toys, half-masked by silken curtains, half-hidden among hot-house flowers, such playthings as a wealthy amateur of art loves to buy.

There came a clang of the gate-bell. There came a tread of many feet, a murmur of voices,

then silence. More than one honest, bull-headed old Paterfamilias, English or Irish, within rifle-range of Walter Denham's model villa, would have felt nervous at the hum and the trampling and the stir. But Mr Walter Denham knew that his butcher was paid, that his grocer was not in arrear, that nobody had the right to hector in the well-kept hall of his villa, and therefore he began to think that something serious must have happened. There was the sound of an altercation, short, summary, and then his foreign man-servant came hurriedly in.

'Signor, the Polizia Inglese!' That was all Luigi said; but he said it with shrugged shoulders, and elevated eyebrows, and tremulous voice. By what he said, he meant much. The Signor, the Padrone, had been found out. To be found out is a serious misfortune anywhere; but in Italy it is a calamity especially serious. Luigi was certain that his master was a ruined man. At Luigi's heels came three men, one in the dark-blue surtout, close-buttoned, of a Superintendent of police, two in ordinary uniform. After them, came in Bertram Oakley. His calm, steady eyes seemed to impress the flighty Uncle Walter more than did the boding aspect of the police.

'In the Queen's name!' said the Superintendent, as he glided round to lay his finger-tips on Uncle Walter's shoulder, and to pronounce the magic formula. 'Here is the warrant, sir, if you would like'—

'Thank you, no!' answered Mr Walter Denham airily, as he recoiled from the piece of stamped paper as from a snake. 'I shouldn't like! But I am quite at your service.—At yours too, Mr Bertram, if this is, as I presume, your work?'

'Say, sir, rather your own work, the sequel of old treachery committed against an unsuspecting brother, long years ago, at Dulchester,' said Bertram, sadly but sternly. 'The sin of former days has found you out at last.'

Uncle Walter winced a little less, as it would seem, under the shock of discovery, than before the quiet scorn that glowed in Bertram's eyes. But he promptly recovered his self-possession, and in a voice of well-feigned astonishment, rejoined: 'You talk in riddles, my very dear sir! I, for one, have no sentimental associations with the sleepy old cathedral city of which I have the honour to be a native. Of what precise offence I am accused, perhaps these gentlemen in blue will condescend to inform me, without thrusting under my eyes again an unpleasant-looking formula, the fresh ink on which smells disagreeably.'

'Forgery, sir, and will-stealing—the indictment will run for conspiracy to effect these,' curtly answered the chief officer of the police, in whose experience a semi-serious prisoner was as a black swan among the ancients.

'I thank you, Superintendent,' said Mr Walter Denham, with elaborate courtesy. 'We had better lose no time, perhaps, in going before whatever authority may be appropriate, and in arranging about the formality—my solicitors will see to that—of what I believe, speaking under correction, for I am not a man of business, is called bail.'

The Superintendent shook his head. 'Bail, sir, in such a case, and with so serious a charge, is not to be thought of. You can ask the magistrate, of course, or your lawyers can; but I'm afraid the thing is impossible.'

'I should like Sowerby and French to be sent for, if not contrary to rule,' said Uncle Walter languidly; 'and, with your permission, I will write a note.' And he sat down at his dainty little table of choice Venetian mosaic, and proceeded to write on tinted paper, emblazoned with his monogram in dead gold, guiding his pen with perfect steadiness.

'You had better, Mr Denham,' said the policeman, 'ask the gentlemen, or one of them, to step round to the police court, Mr Kenyon's, because we shall be obliged to drive there straight from here. The principal witness is to be brought there, and is in waiting by this time.'

'You will be enigmatical,' exclaimed the owner of the Kensington villa with a playful peevishness. 'What surprise awaits me, and what monster is to be produced, as the—I beg your pardon—principal witness?' But, as he spoke, the corners of his well-shaped mouth twitched perceptibly, and the wrinkles around his eyes deepened.

'The monster who is called Crawley,' answered Bertram coldly.

And from that moment Mr Walter Denham asked no more questions. He sealed his letter, rang the bell, and despatched it. As he did so, the eyes of the foreign travelling-servant, Luigi, met those of his master. Those of the latter were by far the steadier; but how old, how older by ten years, did Walter Denham look!

'Sì, Signore!' said Luigi, and with a respectful bow, was gone.

'We had better look sharp!' said the police Superintendent. He was the first to suggest that Mr Walter Denham had better take 'a few things' with him, for use in that House of Detention, of the discomforts of which, when, by some blunder, a respectable man of education gets locked up there, we read such piteous newspaper stories. These minor necessities, after heedful inspection, were crammed into a black carpet-bag by the rough hands of a metropolitan constable.

'Luigi,' muttered Uncle Walter, 'would be shocked. But suspicion makes a man acquainted with strange valets.'

Then cabs were called—no Hansoms, but four-wheelers; and into one of these Uncle Walter was resignedly packed, the Superintendent at his side, a private in the Force opposite. The other cab was for Bertram Oakley; and it was not very long before the police court over which Mr Kenyon presided was reached. Mr French, of Sowerby and French, was there, breathless, puzzled, and looking guiltier than his composed client. The proceedings were soon over. 'A remand,' said Uncle Walter—that means jail! Jail, to me, will be a new sensation.'

PAVEMENT PORTRAITS.

AN ACTOR.

ONE day, in the early part of the year, when a drizzling rain was falling, and a cold wind was blowing, I found a man perched on a pair of steps, stretched open in front of a public-house door in that part of the great metropolis termed Great Suffolk Street, Borough, deeply engaged in the exercise of that wonderful art known as 'graining.' He had finished one side of the door; and I was rather struck with the

bold nature of the work he had done. It was evident that the artist went in for broad effect; for the completed portion of his work showed that he was above expending his talent upon the minute representation of little knots and veins, the pride of more laborious, if less ingenious, workers in the same field; and that his object was to represent in a general way a 'woody' effect, with perhaps a dash of marble in it, without condescending to the faithful representation of any known timber.

After looking at the work, I raised my eyes to the worker, and was at once attracted by his somewhat peculiar appearance. He was large, which house-painters as a rule are not; he was old, and in this respect, too, was a remarkable exception to the race to which he belonged. But it was neither his age nor his size which made me look at him a second time. What particularly attracted my attention was the fact that the painter was himself painted! He had a face which was undoubtedly 'made up' with a deal of pains. His moustache, which was thick, was evidently dyed, and it was waxed and curled at the ends; his cheeks were rouged, his eyebrows pencilled, and even one or two blue veins were traced on the temples, from which his thin hair, also dyed black, was brushed back over his ears, mingling in a melancholy sort of little knot behind his head, under the carefully curled brim of a very seedy old hat. But no amount of red, white, black, and blue, however carefully applied, could make this curious 'portrait' look young. Wrinkles furrowed his thin cheeks, crow's-feet were indelibly impressed at the corners of his eyes; his chin was pointed by years; and his thin compressed lips had receded far under the black moustache, after the way of mouths of old people not well attended to by experienced dentists. His eyes, however, seemed full of life, and it was strange to see how earnestly they followed his thin white hand, as it laboured at the peculiar style of decoration on which he was engaged. Every now and then, when a particularly daring stroke was made with the graining tool, the painter would draw back, and, apparently at the risk of overbalancing himself and falling into the gutter, would contemplate with a gleam of unmistakable pride the effect of his handiwork. It was on the completion of one of these artistic *coups*, that the artist, looking round as it were for applause, discovered me regarding him, and asked me from his perch, in a piping, quavering tone, whether I didn't think that it was 'coming on nicely.'

Rather shyly, I answered, in a hesitating way, that I thought it was very good; then, plucking up courage, I inquired whether the style in which he was adorning this shop-front was not quite original.

In one second the painter was off his perch, standing by my side on the pavement; and waving his left hand at the fruit of his labour, while he made a circle in the air with his right, finishing off on his threadbare coat just over where his old heart beat, he turned to me, with a stage-like bend of his body, and said: 'That, sir, is the work of an artist! You mayn't think it; but I was born an *artist*; not a painter, but

an actor. I've had many ups and downs in my life, and it's fortunate for me that in my earliest years I was taught this trade; for now that the profession to which I belonged for nigh on forty years, is done with me, and won't have anything more to say to one of its oldest and most devoted servants, I'm just able to keep body and soul together with jobs like this.'

The rain at this point came down too hard to admit of the artist resuming his work on the door-post; so we took shelter together within the bar, the outside of which he was embellishing with his wonderful marble-wood design; and while there, with a glass of hot rum-and-water held between his hands, for the agreeable heat which it imparted to his palms, the designer told me something about himself.

Years and years ago, before the writer of these lines was, as his informant said, 'born or thought of,' this actor was treading the boards of a very minor theatre, which, he told me, then existed in the Marylebone Road, in a small pleasure-ground adjoining a public-house called the *Yorkshire Stingo*. It was at this house at which he made his first appearance on any stage. Previously to this aspiring effort, the actor had been, as is intimated above, a journeyman house-painter and decorator. But he always had a taste for the stage; and he used to thrill his fellow-workmen, and others with whom he mixed on evenings when the daily work was done, with recitations in public-house parlours. His turn of mind—speaking in a theatrical sense—was what may be termed 'bloody.' The dagger and the bowl were his delight; the gallows, his glory; crime, especially murder, was his forte. Nearly all his recitations related to deeds of blood; and his muse was in her midst mood when she dwelt only on frightened maidens, lunatic uncles, and baffled Justice. Highwaymen and their doings were a favourite theme; and many an audience of London shopboys had he in those young days sent home quaking with the stories that he hurled at their inoffensive and empty heads.

Power such as this could not, of course, be confined for ever to pothouses; and it was no wonder that the actor found himself at last on the legitimate boards, a member of 'The Profession.' His début was not, however, a great success. The theatre was full, but the part was not suitable; and when 'Handsome Jack,' as he was called, appeared as a virtuous young villager, with a chintz waistcoat covered with huge red roses, he was nearly hooted off the stage. He was born a stage villain, and his friends would bear him as nothing else. Matters mended when, on the next night, he strode before the oil footlights of the period in the highest of jackboots, the broadest of brass-ornamented belts, in which was arranged a complete armoury of small-arms, waving in one hand a black flag, emblazoned with a white skull and crossbones, and dragging with the other a fainting maiden. His rightful field was found; and from that night until the end of his theatrical career, which was reached a few years ago, Handsome Jack played the handsome villain in all the plays in which he ever took part.

From the *Yorkshire Stingo* to the *Bower Saloon* in Stangate, Lambeth, was a decided promotion; and from the latter house to the boards of the *Vic'*—as the old Victoria Theatre in the Waterloo

Road was lovingly called by its patrons—was an elevation equivalent to that of a commoner to the House of Peers. Handsome Jack never got beyond the *Vic'*. He never wished to. Here the summit of his ambition was attained, and he desired nothing more in life than to continue playing his favourite parts to a sympathetic audience in that temple of Thespis. As year after year rolled by, his style became quite tremendous; his voice grew more and more sonorous, his eye rolled with marvellous ferocity, his body grew big, and he literally seemed to fill the stage when he was on it. His combats with cutlass and broadsword were unequalled in all the rest of London; his will was unflinching, his vengeance terrible, his death always daring and defiant. The house sometimes even resented vice being punished in his person; and when this is said, all those who know how absolutely on the side of virtue audiences of the humbler classes are, how adamant in their demands for justice on the oppressor of virtue, will understand the power which Handsome Jack wielded. And how he loved it! He lived, only *when on the stage*; and the rest of his life, although in due time it was shared with a pretty little wife, who was a 'singing chambermaid' by profession, was mere humdrum existence.

But 'humdrum existence' when translated to mean a growing family of eight sons and one sickly daughter, becomes a thing which must be taken into serious consideration by the boldest of buccaneers, the most dare-devil of highwaymen. And so it was with Handsome Jack. As the boys grew up, they one by one, to their shame be it said, proved thorns in the flesh of their actor father. Terrible struggles with debt and domestic difficulties occurred; and these struggles became more than the stage veteran could cope with, when the boys not only failed to assist him, but even lent their aid against their father by the cruel demands they made upon his purse. His daughter, at the age of eighteen, died, and this blow broke the spirit of the handsome villain. From that moment his eye lost its fire, his body its uprightness, his hand its quick cunning at fence, his voice its volume; and the popular favourite went over the top of the hill of his life, and quickly began the descent on the other side.

The downhill progress was swiftly made. A benefit was got up for the decaying actor, and a house which produced 'a bumper,' witnessed his last performance on the stage. He played on that night Claude Duval, and people said that he never played better in his life. But when he came to make a speech to his 'friends in front' at the end of the entertainment, he, with a sudden recollection of his dead daughter, his cruel sons, his failing powers, crashing into his brain, as he was turning touching phrases to his patrons in pit and gallery, all at once burst out sobbing, and so left the scene of his success for ever!

His wife worked bravely. Handsome Jack, however, I fear gave way for a time to drink. He was taken very ill, and when he reached convalescence, he became conscious that he was a wreck. And so he gave up his profession, and went back to his trade; and here he was—decorating a public-house door.

Such was the sombre history of my artistic friend who, referring to his sons, finished his

recital in these words: 'And would you believe it, sir? I don't know where any single one of all the eight is at this moment to be found! Think of that!'

CAPTAIN DESMOND'S DAUGHTER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

'WANT me to invest your money, hey? Well, well, I must see what I can do for you, I suppose.' So spoke Sir Theophilus Thorndale the great financier, and promoter of half the 'big things' in the City, to Margaret Desmond. 'What did you say the amount was? A thousand pounds, hey? A very nice little nest-egg. Many a big fortune has sprung from a smaller beginning.'

Then Margaret handed Sir Theophilus her crisp notes for one hundred pounds each, which that gentleman examined in his methodical way, after which he proceeded to make out a receipt for the amount.

'I may tell you, my dear young lady,' resumed the magnate, 'that both Lady Thorndale and myself are much pleased with the way the children have progressed while under your care, and we both consider that very great credit is due to you.—And now there is your receipt.—No, no; you must not refuse it. That would be very foolish and unbusiness-like. Suppose I were to die, what proof would you have that I had ever had the money?'

Four months had elapsed since Captain Desmond's death. The insurance offices, after due inquiry, had paid the ten thousand pounds to the captain's widow, and that lady had at once called upon Margaret with the thousand pounds which was her share of the legacy. For the present, Mrs Desmond had gone to reside at Dieppe with a brother, who had been settled for some years in that sunny town.

Margaret had never mentioned to any one her strange experience at Mardon-le-Willows. To her it seemed something too sacred and mysterious to be talked about. It was never long out of her thoughts when she was alone, but it was still as much a mystery to her as ever it had been. She sometimes wondered how long her father would have stayed with her if she had not started up in bed, if, instead, she had lain still and quietly looked at him. She always burned a light in her room now, and many a time she woke suddenly in the dead middle of the night, half expecting to find her father gazing on her. But he never appeared again.

Margaret often felt very lonely now; and but for her naturally cheerful disposition, and a way she had of looking at the best side of everything, she would probably have grown morbid and discontented with her lot. Although she had seen very little of her father of late years, the knowledge that she had a father had been enough to bring with it a sense of comfort and security. She had never felt altogether lonely while he was alive. But he was gone now, and all her other near relatives were dead; she had reached the age of twenty-two without having ever been engaged, or even in love; it was little wonder that it sometimes seemed to her as if she were alone in the world.

One day, Lady Thorndale said to Margaret: 'I

have decided upon having the portraits of Howard and Irene painted. The artist will be here at noon to-morrow, and will come at the same hour every second day till the picture is completed. It will be necessary for you to remain with the children during the sittings. They will be taken together, with Tycho my deerhound as one of the group. The artist is a Mr Frank Avory, a very rising young man. His picture of the Duchess of Dulborough's children in this year's Academy has been much talked about.' For Lady Thorndale, this was a very long speech indeed.

Next day brought Mr Frank Avory in due course. The children, dressed for the occasion, and Tycho washed for the occasion, were grouped in the back drawing-room, in accordance with the artist's ideas of what would prove most effective when transferred to canvas. Then Mr Avory set up his easel and began to sketch in his outlines.

Lady Thorndale had suggested that, during the sitting, Miss Desmond should read aloud some interesting story, so as to keep the children's attention engaged and their minds on the alert. Mr Avory agreed with the suggestion; so Margaret seated herself near at hand, and began to read; and what between listening to an exciting story, and watching Mr Avory, the children found full occupation for their eyes and thoughts. Lady Thorndale stayed in the room a quarter of an hour and then went out.

Very few words passed between Mr Avory and Margaret at that first interview. The artist was too anxious to get his outline firmly fixed, to be able to pay much attention to anything else. But on the occasion of his second visit, after the reading for the day was over, and while the children were refreshing themselves with a romp, Mr Avory and Margaret, almost without knowing how it came about, glided into a pleasant stream of talk—talk about Art chiefly, and subjects connected therewith. After this, they both felt like old acquaintance, and as if they had known each other quite a long time; and soon Margaret began to look forward to Frank Avory's visits as to so many sunny breaks in the monotony of her daily life. As for Frank, he had never painted a picture so slowly before, he had never been so fastidious, had never required so many sittings. Lady Thorndale was highly gratified. 'It is indeed a rare thing to see so young an artist so painstaking and conscientious,' she remarked to several of her friends; and she looked forward complacently to the sensation the picture would make in next year's Exhibition.

But no long time had elapsed before our young people found themselves drawn together by a newer and a darker thread of interest, of the existence of which neither of them had dreamed during those first pleasant interviews. Said Frank one day: 'Do you know, Miss Desmond, during the last few weeks I have become very anxious to discover the whereabouts of a certain gentleman who bears the same surname as yourself.'

'The world is wide, and the number of Desmonds in it is probably very considerable,' answered Margaret with a smile.

'The gentleman I am in search of is a certain Captain Marmaduke Desmond.'

Margaret gave a great start. 'My father!' she exclaimed with a gasp.

Frank stared at her for a moment or two without speaking. 'Your father, Miss Desmond! That is indeed singular. How strangely things come about in this world!' He went on painting for a minute or two in silence, and then he said: 'Can you tell me where I can find Captain Desmond?'

'He is dead,' answered Margaret in a low voice, and then the tears rushed to her eyes.

The artist put down his brush and walked to the window. 'I am so sorry!' he said after a moment, and his tone was one of true sympathy. More than once he had wondered for whom Miss Desmond was in mourning.

Margaret controlled her emotion with an effort, and dried her eyes. Presently she said: 'May I ask the reason, Mr Avory, why you are so anxious to have seen my father?'

'My reason is a very singular one, Miss Desmond. It is now close upon six months ago, since a near relative of mine—my Uncle Caius, my mother's only brother—disappeared most mysteriously, and has not been heard of from that time. So far as can be ascertained, the last person in whose company he is known to have been seen was Captain Desmond.'

Margaret could only sit and gaze at the young painter in speechless surprise.

'If you will allow me,' resumed Avory, 'I will relate to you the full details of the case, so far as they are known at present.'

He mixed a little fresh colour on his palette, and then went on: 'In the course of last winter, I went to Rome, with the intention of staying there two or three months, for purposes of study. One day towards the end of April, I received a message from my mother urging me to return without delay. My Uncle Caius had left his home more than a fortnight previously, and had not since been heard of. I travelled homeward as fast as I could, only to find, on my arrival in London, that no tidings had yet been received of my uncle, and that my mother was in great distress of mind. I may remark that my uncle was a bachelor of easy means, that he lived in chambers, and that he was a great bookworm and bibliophile, who thought nothing of attending an auction two or three hundred miles away, if there was a chance of picking up a rare folio or a unique black-letter copy. His last known journey was to York, to attend a sale there. It was proved on inquiry that he did attend the sale—he was well known to several people there—and that he started back for London the following Monday morning. He shook hands with one or two acquaintances, who saw him safely into the train; but from that moment all trace of him was lost. So far as could be ascertained, he had never been seen again by any person to whom he was known. Such were the tidings that greeted me on reaching home. So far, all the exertions of the police had failed to elicit anything more.'

'Did you not say that Captain Desmond was the last person with whom your uncle was known to have been seen?' asked Margaret.

'I did. I shall come to that point of the case presently. All that I could do after my return was to urge the police to fresh exertions, and to insert an advertisement in *The Times*, offering a reward for any information respecting my uncle's disappearance. An examination of my uncle's papers and affairs clearly proved that he had

made no preparations for any lengthened stay from home. Well, days and months went on; no one responded to my advertisement; the police were at a standstill; and both my mother and I were slowly coming to the sad conclusion that we should never see or hear anything more of poor Uncle Caius, when one day—one day last week only—I was waited upon by a certain Mr Prestwich, who described himself as a second-hand bookseller in a small way of business. He had been laid up with rheumatic fever for three months, and had not seen my advertisement till a day or two previously, when, on turning over an old file of *The Times*, it had accidentally caught his eye. He had known my uncle by sight for several years, having frequently met him at sales, and having, in addition, more than once done business with him; and he now came to tell me when and where he had last seen him. 'The fourth of April was the last day I met your uncle,' said Mr Prestwich, 'and the place was a railway carriage.'

'The fourth of April!' exclaimed Margaret. 'That was the day on which my father died.'

Frank looked at her with a face full of surprise, then he shook his head. 'There must be a mistake somewhere,' he said. 'It was on the morning of the fourth of April that my uncle started on his return from York, after attending the sale on the previous Saturday. It would appear that at a certain station he changed his seat from one carriage to another, he having been annoyed by what he called some one's "vile tobacco." In this second carriage was Mr Prestwich, who happened to be coming to town by the same train. They had a little talk together, and then my uncle became absorbed in the book he had been reading before. By-and-by they came to a junction where they had to wait ten minutes. My uncle was gazing through the window at the busy scene before him, when Mr Prestwich heard him exclaim: "Good gracious! why, that must be Marmaduke Desmond." A moment later, his head was out of the window, and he called aloud to a man who was standing some little distance away: "Hi! hi! Captain Desmond, is that you?" The stranger turned, and came up to the carriage; and then he and my uncle shook hands with much cordiality. Mr Prestwich gathered from their conversation that they had not met for nearly twenty years. Then my uncle alighted from the carriage, and the two stood talking on the platform a few yards away. Ultimately, it would appear that Captain Desmond succeeded in persuading my uncle to leave his train and accompany him, presumably to his house. At all events, Mr Prestwich heard him say: "You are a bachelor and your own master; you must come and spend one night with us." My uncle seems to have yielded, since he fetched his little valise out of the carriage, nodded a good-bye to Prestwich, and walked across the platform with Captain Desmond, to where a train for one of the branch-lines was standing ready to start. And that was the last that Mr Prestwich saw of my Uncle Caius.'

Margaret had listened with the deepest attention. 'It is altogether very strange,' she said. 'There could hardly be two Captains Desmond both named Marmaduke. One thing, however, is very certain—Mr Prestwich must be mistaken as to the date. It could not have been on the fourth of April that he saw my father—if he it

was—and your uncle together. As I have already said, it was on that day that my father died.’

‘I will see Prestwich again,’ said Frank; ‘but I am nearly certain that there cannot be any mistake on the point. The sale at York certainly took place on the second of April; and my uncle as certainly stayed there over Sunday, in order to see the minster. It was not till some time after breakfast on Monday morning that he paid his bill and left the hotel. However, I will see Prestwich again, and question him further.’

Margaret awaited Frank's next visit with an impatience to which she had hitherto been a stranger. They had scarcely shaken hands before he said: ‘As regards the question of date, Prestwich's evidence is conclusive. There can be no doubt whatever that it was on the fourth of April, and on no other day, that your father and my uncle met at the junction. The next question is, When and where did they part?’

That was indeed the question, but it was one which at first sight there seemed no probability of their being able to answer.

Margaret's mind was busily at work while Frank went on with his painting. At last she said: ‘It seems to me that the next thing to do is to write to Mrs Desmond, my step-mother, and ask her whether any stranger came home with my father on the evening of the fourth of April; if so, who the stranger in question was, and when he went away again.’

‘A capital suggestion!’ said Frank. ‘Mrs Desmond may perhaps be able to throw an unexpected light on what now seems enveloped in mystery.’

Margaret despatched her letter that same evening. Three days later, she received Mrs Desmond's reply, which ran as under:

CHERE MARGARET—Why do you write so seldom? You do not know how welcome your letters are, even though you may have very little news to tell me. Pray, write more frequently, if it be only half-a-dozen lines, to say you are well.

The questions you ask in your last letter have caused old wounds to bleed afresh, and have compelled me to live over again in memory the saddest episode of my life. However, I hasten to afford you the information you ask for, feeling sure that you have not been impelled to seek it by mere idle curiosity.

When your father reached home on the afternoon of the fourth of April, he brought with him a tall, lean gentleman about fifty years of age, whom he introduced to me as Mr Caius Freshfield, a very old friend of his. I have an impression that your father and Mr Freshfield had been schoolboys together; in any case, they had not seen each other for a great number of years. Mr Freshfield dined with us, and I had a bedroom got ready for him. You will remember that it was while seated at table that your father was suddenly seized with illness. Mr Freshfield expressed the greatest concern, and assisted to carry him to his room; at the same time it was quite evident that he was a man of an excessively nervous and timid disposition; and after Dr Bond's visit, when there was little or no hope of your father's recovery, he at once expressed his intention of taking his leave. He could be of no service at such a time, and I showed no desire to detain him. He left

the house with the avowed intention of catching the half-past ten o'clock train at the station. In my distress of mind, I never once thought about asking him for his address, and I suppose he never thought about offering it. As a consequence, after your father's death I knew not where to write to him. Had I known his address, I should certainly have invited him to the funeral. From that evening, when he shook hands and bade me good-bye at the foot of the staircase of Larch Cottage, to the present time, I have neither seen nor heard anything of Mr Freshfield, and I am as ignorant of his present whereabouts as the man in the moon.—Believe me, affectionately yours,
HONORIA DESMOND.

At Frank Avory's next visit, Miss Desmond read aloud to him that portion of her step-mother's letter which referred to Mr Freshfield.

‘The mystery only seems to deepen,’ said the young painter sadly. ‘That there has been foul-play at work somewhere, I feel more firmly convinced than ever.’

THE STORY OF THE NAGA CAMPAIGN.

THE Naga tribes inhabit the district bordering on the Burmese empire, and the same race is to be found within the Burmese territory, in the semi-independent state of Manipur, and in the province known as the Naga Hills. They are skilful gardeners, and have some idea of fortification; and are probably, like the Nepaulese and Goorkhas, offshoots of the great Chinese race, which was once paramount over Burma and all the eastern frontier of Hindustan. Hitherto, the post of Political Agent to the Naga Hills has been one of considerable danger, as three in succession have lost their lives; and the wooded and precipitous nature of the country gives, as on a former occasion we notified in these columns, every facility for guerrilla warfare and ambushes. In November 1878, the British headquarters' station was removed from Samaguting to Kohima, situated on the direct road from Manipur to Assam.

For some years after our occupation of the Naga Hill province, its former suzerain, the Maharajah of Manipur, showed himself very adverse to his British neighbours, and particularly resented the appointment of a Political Agent to his own state. More than once he tried to poison the officer who was charged with that unpleasant duty; but since Lieut.-colonel James Johnstone was nominated resident in 1876, there has been nothing to complain of; on the contrary, the Maharajah himself lent his army in 1878, and again in 1879, to put down a rising in the Naga Hills. Colonel Johnstone, being well acquainted with the language, was able to confer with him without the medium of an interpreter—a very important point in dealing with native princes; and having had much experience in native states, has been able to acquire an influence over him, which has finally converted Kirtee Singh into a valuable ally.

On October 9, 1879, Mr Damant, the Political Agent of the Naga Hills, arrived at Kohima from inspecting the outposts at Dinapur, Samaguting, and Piphima; and in consequence of news received from the large villages of Jotsoma and Kononah, he started again on the 13th for those Naga strongholds with a guard of altogether eighty-nine men,

including constables, frontier police, and men of the 43d Assam Light Infantry. His object was to impress on the Nagas that they must comply with the demands of the government, and pay their taxes, and give the required labour for the carriage of supplies; for although there had been rumours that they were collecting large stores of ammunition, he had no suspicions of their intentions, and therefore did not mean to demand its surrender. He passed the night of the 13th at Jotsoma; and the next day went on to Konomah, in spite of the warning of some friendly Nagas, but found the gate of the town barricaded against him, and was received by a heavy fire. Mr Damant and four men were killed; on which the rest of his guard were scattered and attacked by an ambuscade, which killed thirty-nine and wounded nineteen; and for seven days afterwards, wounded men crawled into Kohima, whither the disastrous news was brought the same day by a fugitive.

The garrison of Kohima consisted of seventy-eight men, with rations for a month; besides which, there were forty police and other non-combatants, women, and children—counting four hundred and ninety-eight in all; and except the rations of the military, only three *maunds* of rice in the shape of provisions. Mr Cawley, the Assistant in charge, on hearing of the Konomah massacre, expected an immediate attack; and sent out letters and telegrams at once to Samaguting and Golaghat in Assam by Naga runners; but these were all intercepted and destroyed. A messenger only just got safely out of Kohima before the Nagas surrounded it, to carry a letter to Wokka, a small station sixty-three miles distant, to ask Mr Herbert Hinde, the Assistant Commissioner there, to bring up his small guard of fifty men. Mr Hinde marched with this contingent for three nights through a hostile country, hiding in the jungle during the day, and succeeded in getting safely into Kohima, where the Nagas had opened a brisk fire on the 14th, and where, for thirteen days, Messrs Cawley and Hinde conducted a most gallant defence. Kohima consists of wooden houses, and was only surrounded by two weak wooden stockades, very ill fitted to maintain a siege. It stands on the slope of a hill, which is crowned by the Naga village of the same name, so that the enemy were able to cut off the general water-supply, leaving only one spring to the garrison, and this was purposely poisoned by the Nagas.

Mr Cawley was from the first obliged to abandon the outer stockade, as he found it untenable; and the women and children—among whom were the widowed Mrs Damant, and Mrs Cawley with her two little girls—could only be sheltered from the showers of bullets and spears by crowding into a large oven and into cellars. The Nagas built up a strong stone wall, behind which they fired, and they were also protected by the village and the jungle. On the 21st, a sortie of the garrison destroyed the stone wall and killed many Nagas; but their companions carried off the dead. That night, the cry of 'mourning for the dead' was raised in the village, and heard within the beleaguered lines of Kohima. Some of the Nagas afterwards stated that the besieging force consisted of six thousand, and that five hundred of these were armed with guns.

They showed great ingenuity in the attack.

Rods weighted with burning cloth were fired into the stockade, where the wooden houses were so numerous, and so close to the fortification, that if one house had been caught, all must have been lost. Many were unroofed by the fire; and if any man endeavoured to slake his thirst by making a rush outside to the spring, he was instantly shot down. The ladies gave up their air-tight packing cases, in which water was stored; but it was horribly foul; and for fourteen days the bulk of the besieged subsisted on a daily ration of a quarter of a *seer* of *atta*, and a little muddy water. The two Englishmen were almost worn out by passing day and night in the trenches, to prevent the Nagas from piling stacks of wood against the stockade and setting fire to it.

On the 21st, Colonel Johnstone, at Manipur, heard of the murder of Mr Damant through the Rajah's minister; and at once prepared to start to the aid of Kohima with an escort of a hundred men. The road between Manipur and the Naga Hills was extremely bad, the jungle not yet having been cleared after the heavy rains; and the men and coolies were so knocked up when about thirty-five miles from their destination, that Colonel Johnstone was obliged to let them halt for a day. About fourteen miles from Kohima, Colonel Johnstone received two urgent messages on slips of paper, brought in the ears of the native bearers for concealment. The missives were as follows: 'Surrounded by Nagas; cut off from water; must be relieved at once. Send flying column to bring away garrison at once. Relief must be immediate to be of any use.' And: 'We are in extremity; come on sharp; Kohima not abandoned;' both signed by Mr Hinde and Mr Cawley. Seven coolies, who had also escaped from the station, gave a deplorable account of the sufferings of the garrison, the food and ammunition being almost exhausted, and the commanders trying to negotiate for a safe passage to Samaguting.

That night, the relieving force halted under arms; and early the next day, as it was still much fatigued, Colonel Johnstone pushed on with fifty Manipuris and sixty-six of his own escort. On the 24th, rumours of the approach of the Manipuri troops under Colonel Johnstone had reached Kohima; but though the Nagas assured the garrison that these were certain to desert to their side, they showed an inclination to come to terms for a passage of the garrison to Samaguting. Yet the besieged felt that even if compelled to accept the terms by starvation, they could not depend upon the good faith of the Nagas, and that they might be all massacred as soon as they left the protection of the stockade. At four P.M., October 27, Colonel Johnstone entered Kohima without shedding a drop of blood, and found the state of things by no means exaggerated. Death and disease had considerably weakened the little garrison; while the non-combatants had been increased by refugees from the friendly natives; so that the total number rescued were three officers, two ladies, two European children, and five hundred and thirty-eight native troops, police, petty officials, women, and children.

Her Majesty sent a sympathising message to Mrs Damant; and the thanks of the Indian government were conveyed to the Maharajah of Manipur and to Colonel Johnstone. The Commander-in-chief of the district, General Nation, sent orders

to Colonel Johnstone to remain on the defensive at Kohima, and not to pursue the retreating Nagas till his own arrival with the guns and a force of regulars. General Nation having arrived with two guns, the force destined to chastise the Naga insurgents left Kohima on November 22.

The situation of Konomah is that of a natural fortress, and the Nagas had taken advantage of it. Lieutenant Ridgeway—who has since received the Victoria Cross—was sent with a company of the 44th N. I. to skirmish up the hill on which it stands; while the main body with the guns gradually ascended by the only passable road, finding on the way the headless corpse of a sepoy in a stream—probably one of Mr Damant's, ill-fated expedition. Another party of fifty men under Lieutenant Henderson was sent forward to skirmish in a different direction from Lieutenant Ridgeway; while the guns were carried, under Colonel Johnstone's direction, by his Manipuri coolies, followed by the General and his staff. After incredible labour, they were got into position at about twelve hundred yards distant from the highest point of Konomah, and at once opened fire, while Lieutenant Raban did the same with his rockets; but neither had much effect on the village, and even less on the stone forts. They were consequently moved to within eight hundred yards of the forts; but had still little effect. Meanwhile, a party of the 44th entered an outer stockade, and the General and his staff made their way into the village through the gate where Mr Damant met his death, and which was now surrounded by wounded Nagas. The General, Colonel Johnstone, Major Cock, and the rest of the staff, ascended a kind of stone staircase, and after again passing under the Naga fire, climbed up a perpendicular stone wall to the small tower in the adjoining works which the 44th had already secured. As there was a very small force to hold it, the guns, which were brought up under a heavy fire to their aid, opened on the upper fort at a distance of eighty to a hundred yards. Lieutenant Mansell and his three European bombardiers pointed the guns, but were fully exposed to the enemy, who, throughout the operations, especially picked out the officers with their shot, but appeared not to have the slightest intention of evacuating the works.

Colonel Johnstone, probably thinking of the encouraging effect that a reported repulse of the British would have on the Nagas and their allies who swarmed in the jungles round, strongly urged the need of dislodging the enemy before nightfall, or making a vigorous attempt to do it; and as the guns were still ineffective, they were moved to another point. After several rounds of heavy charges, the order for the assault was given, and nine officers, with as many men as they could collect, rushed out in two parties to scale the front and left sides of the fort. The Nagas met them with a heavy fire and showers of spears and stones, and four of the officers were almost immediately wounded. At last, only three officers and five sepoys were left alone at the foot of the fort, exposed to the whole fire of the enemy; and there was therefore nothing for it but to beat a speedy retreat through the burning embers of the village, which the Nagas had fired an hour before.

Night was coming on, and the ever-active and ready Manipuris threw up entrenchments in spite

of their hard day's work; and soon afterwards the detached corps of the 43d and 44th appeared, to the great relief of the staff, who were unable to tell whether or not they had been cut off. All lay down, officers and men huddled together, to get what rest they could; and Dr Campbell and his medical assistants were unremitting in their care of the wounded. At daybreak, Colonel Johnstone and Captain Williamson set off for the camp at Suchema, to bring up ammunition for a fresh attack; but they had hardly gone three miles, when, thanks to British valour, they saw the British flag floating over the highest fort at Konomah, which had been evacuated, under cover of the conflagration, in the night; although, if the Nagas had continued to hold it, the British force could not have captured it without great loss of life.

The garrison retired precipitately to the Barrail range of hills, eight and nine thousand feet high, where they constructed a fresh series of fortifications; but after two months' obstinate maintenance of their fortresses, hunger prevailed, and the chiefs came in one by one, and offered to give up their arms as an acknowledgment of their submission.

On March 31st, 1880, a telegram was sent from Calcutta to the effect that 'all the Naga chiefs have now submitted to the British, and the operations against them have consequently ceased.' Considering the facility with which the Nagas could obtain arms and ammunition through Burmah, and their numbers and activity, the European officers in that district deserve much credit for having succeeded in suppressing the rebellion within six months, when not more than six hundred men have been hitherto spared for that service. Without the co-operation of the Manipuris, who, five years ago, would have sided with the Nagas against the Empress of India, it would hardly have been possible for them even to have maintained their ground; and the Naga chiefs had bound themselves with an oath never again to allow a European to live in their province.

BEPPO'S ESCAPE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

IN the early summer of 1879, I was working hard to make up for the time spent during the merry winter in dancing, riding, charade-playing, sight-seeing, and all the thousand-and-one distractions which make it so difficult for an artist, not absolutely compelled to keep the wolf from the door by the use of his pencil, to 'buckle-to' in Rome. I had orders also from obliging friends for two or three paintings in the style I have adopted for my own—small pictures of priests, bishops, cardinals, and other ecclesiastics in their habits as they live.

I was almost alone in Rome; for in June, artists of all nationalities were off to country-sketching; and visitors had departed to the mountains or to England, months ago. I, however, stayed bravely on, in my somewhat shabby rooms, on the fourth piano of a large house in the Via Margutta, working at a picture I intended to call 'Meditation'—a Monsignore in a violet robe, with the red pipings and buttons which make those garments

so effective. I was trying to catch the attitude of Monsignore, just between meditation and slumber, and had placed him on a *loggia*, with a hazy summer view between the pillars of the balustrade before him, with his breviary sliding from between the fingers of one hand, while the other was outstretched on the arm of his chair. It was tiresome; the day was hot, and I could do nothing satisfactorily; so I laid aside my brushes, and thought I would write some letters. Going to fetch my desk from the little den of a bedroom which adjoined my studio, my eye fell on a novel I had thrown down when going to bed the night before. I thought I would finish it; and flinging myself on the bed, I plunged into the woes and ways of the hero and heroine, which soothed me so completely that I fell into a delicious slumber.

I was awakened by the opening of the door which led from the passage into my bedroom, and raising myself, beheld the head of my *padrona* peering cautiously in. On seeing me, she stepped quickly into the room, and said she had come to see if my ewer wanted water. I told her 'no;' and she departed. I sat up, and wondered at this unwonted attention on the part of my landlady, who as often as not left my bedroom for days untended, unless brought to a sense of her neglect by my remonstrances; and also I felt surprised at the look of anxiety which I had certainly seen on her face when she put her head round the doorpost before seeing me. I knew her to be honest as the day, and I believed that she really liked her lodger. She was a widow, with two sons, Beppo and Paolo. Paolo was the one about whom she most frequently discoursed. 'A good lad,' she said, 'and servant to a gentleman in Lombardy.' The other, Beppo, she generally mentioned with a sigh and a shake of the head, usually calling him *poverino*, and once or twice she had seemed on the point of telling me more about him. I only knew, however, that he had at one time been a 'model' at the Life Academy in Rome, where he was much esteemed for his handsome face, and specially for a glory of soft, curly, dark-brown hair which surrounded his head. On inquiring if he could sit for me, I was told that he had now gone to Naples; but what his occupation was, I knew not.

I went back to my studio, and speedily forgot my *padrona*, in another attempt at the Cardinal's drapery, which gave me trouble, great trouble; for owing to an accident it had sustained, I had been obliged to send the body, one arm, and the legs of my lay-figure, to be mended. I had called many times at old Grefio's, to ask for my wooden beauty; and each time had been put off with excuses, promises, and '*pazienzas*' without end; so, it was no easy work to dress up a Cardinal with only the head and one arm of my figure; and all my efforts with rugs, bolster, umbrellas, and sticks, were unavailing.

Two days passed, in which I worked a little, dawdled a great deal, read, wrote, and went out of doors as usual. Yet I could not help noticing that Chiara, my landlady, wore a look of care, and that she was very much more constant in her visits to my rooms. She found, it seemed to me, endless errands calling her thither. I asked her one day, when she was restlessly dusting, or pretending to dust, my furniture, if anything had

disturbed her peace, or if she had any trouble. She disclaimed the idea with much vehemence, and rushed into a stream of talk about 'Paolo;' which made me quickly dismiss her, tired of her son's praises.

The nights were hot, dreadfully hot, and I was worried by sounds behind my bed, for which I could not account. I thought of rats; only the noises were not the usual 'skurry-suffles' of those animals, but sounded like some heavy creature trying to move softly. I said one morning to my landlady: 'What is behind the head of my tent-bed? Is it the wall of the house, or another room, or what?'

She looked alarmed, and replied: 'Signor, I know not. Perhaps a cupboard in the next house comes by the wall there. If the Signor looks at his own room, he will see a cupboard on the other side of the stove; perhaps they have one like it next door.'

'Oh, well,' said I, 'I do wish they would not move things about in it at night.'

Either I slept better, or the noises ceased, for during the next two nights I was undisturbed. On the third day, I was working in my studio, when Chiara rushed in with a telegram in her hand, and a face of great distress. Her Paolo, her boy, had been thrown from his master's carriage and hurt—seriously, she feared; and the telegram summoned her at once to Milan. Poor Chiara! her distress was pitiful. She wept, she invoked all the saints to behold her misfortunes; and she seemed so bewildered and distracted, that it required some time and much patience before I could persuade her that if she meant to go to Milan, she must lose no time in starting, as the slow morning train would leave in little more than an hour. To my surprise, she said she intended going by the quick train, leaving at one o'clock; by which she hoped to return on the next day but one, at about the same time, so as to be at home again after an absence of forty-eight hours only. This puzzled me, as not only are Italians so thrifty by nature, that to pay at all for travelling is a trial to them; but to go by an express train instead of a slow one, would seem to the ordinary Roman mind little less than a sin, as, there being no third class, the difference in price would be something like twelve francs on the two journeys. I could not account, either, for her determination to return so soon, and hinted that Paolo might be too ill for her to leave him, which suggestion made her look positively agonised.

However, she departed, to her packing as I supposed; and though I heard her for some time afterwards fussing about a good deal in my bedroom, I only saw her again for a minute when she came to say 'good-bye.' I asked her if I could do anything for her; for the poor soul's distress touched me; and for a moment she looked on the point of making a request, but changed her mind, and went away.

This was Thursday. On Saturday by mid-day, she hoped to be back; till that time, I should be left to attend on myself. I worked hard till dinner-time, and was only at the café an hour, as I had important letters to write. My correspondence took me till nearly midnight, when I turned in, hoping for slumber, but in vain. I passed a wretched night, and did not fall asleep

till after five o'clock. Friday passed as usual, except that I was more in the studio. I had given up the Monsignore for the present, and was finishing a sketch of a flower-girl, to send to England to a cousin of mine, whose husband, Jack Goddard, would leave Rome for London in a day or two, and take with him his young sister, who had been spending many months in Italy, and whom he had come to fetch. The evening I spent at the open-air theatre in Trastevere, so I did not reach my lodging till late; in fact, it was two o'clock before I could make up my mind to leave the lovely night and betake myself to my tent-bed.

Again the noises close to me began, and I could distinctly hear cautious sounds as of groping and moving, and once, something that sounded like a groan. I could endure it no more. Jumping out of bed, I pulled up the heavy blind, to let in the daylight, and dragged my flimsy couch away from the wall. Apparently, there was nothing to reward my search. The wall-paper, shabby enough, was in an unbroken piece from a kind of dado mark about five feet up, above which the walls were distempered. I knocked, however, and presently pressing my ear against the wall, asked: 'Is any one there?' I listened, and certainly heard a kind of stifled groan. Then I said: 'There is some one in hiding. I shall make a hole in the wall, if I get no answer;' and to emphasise my speech, I began to batter with a stout stick. This brought a hoarse but very distinct whisper, which seemed to come from about the level of my knee, entreating me 'to be silent, and imploring for a single drop of water, for the love of the Holy Virgin.'

Here was a worry! I, a peaceable Englishman, was to be mixed up in some abominable manner with these confounded Italians and their skulking ways. The fellow behind my bed, whatever sort of desperado he was, whether political, social, financial, or natural, would throw himself on my mercy. I should have to conceal and befriend him, and the like. However, reflection would not serve my turn; the poor wretch was there, and in piteous accents he continued to demand, in the name of all the saints in the calendar, for 'but one drop of water.'

'Who are you?' said I; 'and how am I to get you out?'

The weak voice replied: 'I am Beppo, Chiara's son. If you put your fingers under the right-hand corner of the paper here, nearest the stove, and raise the wood, you will touch a little spring, and the door will move.'

I obeyed the directions; and after some raising, pressing, and pulling, the side of the wall up to the dado-line turned outwards, nearly knocking me over; but so quietly, that it was evident the hinges must have been well oiled and the joints considerably used of late. This revealed a quantity of rude lath-and-plaster-work immediately under the dado-line; and down at the bottom, not more than three feet high, was a little cupboard; and there, like a beast in a lair, crouched a figure, with hair of the wildest, and face of the most pinched, pathetic, and despairing expression I had ever seen; and with such eyes! Large, widely distended, with dark rims and long lashes, they looked unnatural; but a glance showed me how striking a feature they would be in their normal state, and I recognised, even in this plight,

the handsome model from the Academy of whom I had been told.

'Why, Beppo,' said I, 'how came you here?'

'Ah, Signor,' he groaned out in reply, 'I am of all men the most wretched, the most miserable. But I die, so it matters not.' As I dragged him out of his hole, the poor fellow fainted, and for some time I thought his words were literally true, and that he was dead. But I lifted him from the floor, and replacing the false wall, which was only like a rude screen, but fastened with careful clasps and hinges, I pushed back my little bed, placed him upon it, and used every means I could think of to revive him. After about an hour, my efforts were rewarded by seeing him able to sit up and slowly drink some mild Chianti wine mixed with a quantity of water, and able also to swallow a few morsels of bread soaked in the same.

I became wonderfully interested in my patient during this time; his obedience, gentleness, and a kind of shrinking humility which betrayed itself in every word and gesture, together with an unmistakable look of extreme terror at any, even the slightest sound for which he did not see a cause, filled my soul with pity. He soon entreated me to let him go back to his den; but this I could not do; and while I made some coffee, I succeeded in soothing his fears sufficiently to allow me to go into the neighbouring street for rolls and butter for breakfast, he the while imploring that I should only bring enough food for one person, or his presence would certainly be discovered. I determined that the 'one' should have a first-rate appetite; and I never remember enjoying any meal more than I did the coffee, cherries, and bread-and-butter I shared with the terror-stricken lad, whose grief for some cause unknown to me, and gratitude at the trifles I had done for him, by turns almost choked him.

Breakfast over, and Beppo somewhat calmer, I succeeded in persuading him to tell me what had brought him into such straits. His tale was certainly a curious and interesting one, told as he told it, in flowery soft Italian, spoken with singular refinement and purity, and with the rapid expressive gesticulation of the Neapolitans he had lately been amongst. He had had a tolerable education; and being very handsome—having a 'picture-face,' as he put it—he found many friends, and was specially liked amongst the best class of artists in Rome, getting well paid as a model at several good studios, and having besides a regular evening engagement at the Life Academy. Unfortunately, the facility with which he made acquaintances was not equalled by the discretion with which he chose them; and some two or three years before our meeting, he had formed a close alliance with a youth who appeared to him extremely fascinating, but who was a prominent member of one of those miserable secret societies which are the chief bane of Italy; and this one appeared to be more than usually of the 'death and destruction' sort. Beppo had been drawn on and on, till he was appointed one of the officers or chiefs of this society, and had to execute the decrees of the 'Supreme Three,' whom he mentioned with extremest awe.

One of these decrees having recently enacted that he should assassinate an old General in Naples, whose only sins appeared to be that he was strongly conservative and a great martinet, he had gone thither for the purpose of obeying his instructions.

His intentions, however, had been frustrated by the prayers and entreaties of a girl to whom he was passionately attached, whose suspicions had been roused by seeing him in Naples. She was a daughter of the laundress to the General's family, and a flower-seller on the Chiaja; and having a strong affection for the General and all his family, on account of his and his wife's great kindness to her little brother and sister at a time when there was fever in the house and starvation at the door, she had watched over them with an Italian's devotion, and knowing how much the General was disliked, had feared he might fall a victim to a stab in the dark.

The unwanted presence of Beppo in Naples, the knowledge that he was connected with one of the secret societies, and his gloomy and preoccupied behaviour, had alarmed her. She spent hours in exhorting and entreating him not to have this sin on his soul; declaring that she would denounce him, if the life of the General were attempted either now or later, and finally refusing to see or speak with him for a week. This last had overcome Beppo. To be in the same city, to breathe the same air, but to have no sign of the presence of his innamorata was intolerable. He wrote to tell her that for one hour of her society he would forfeit his soul, his life, and would give up his project. They met; and in spite of his despairing gloom, Nanina refused to believe any harm would happen to him, declared death did not always follow disobedience to the 'Supreme Three,' and insisted on his fleeing to Rome on the very night on which the assassination was to have taken place, assuring him that she would speedily follow, and they would leave Italy in safety together.

CHAPTER II.

After hearing Beppo's tale, my sorrow for the poor, terror-haunted, weak-minded lad was only equalled by my extreme bewilderment as to what was to be done with him. There he could not stay. He said he knew, and I believed, that the wonderful 'Three' would certainly make search after their recalcitrant disciple, and a terrible result might follow. Meanwhile, I could think of nothing better than putting him back in his den; and going myself into the studio, to have a turn at my picture for Jack Goddard. I lazily finished up the head of the flower-girl, and placed it on a shelf to dry, when my eyes fell on the unhappy figure I had been attempting to rig up the day before with the bits of my wooden beauty, and the rugs, &c. A happy thought struck me. Why shouldn't Beppo sit to me? I could dress him up as the Cardinal, and no one would dream of interfering with my model. No sooner thought than done! I placed him in my chair of state, where he quickly made himself up in the cleverest way possible. Declaring that he durst not pose as a man, he struck a perfectly wooden attitude; and I was surprised and pleased with the ingenuity with which he made a great display of the one hand and head belonging to my wooden model, and the angularity he threw into his own limbs. Tiring as his position was, he found it, he said, preferable to that in the cupboard; and his long practice as model served to make it less intoler-

able to him. I sat and painted, trying to devise all manner of expedients for the safety of the poor lad, and wondering what Chiara would say and do when she found he was discovered.

Beppo told me that communications were rather slow in his Society, which did not seem to be a very powerful or notable one, and he thought he might exist in Italy for one week after the date of the day on which he ought, as he phrased it, 'to have executed the decree;' but by that time he felt sure he would be hunted down and assassinated. He seemed to take it quite for granted that there was no resisting the wonderful 'Three.' I, however, did not see it in the same light, and I used my best endeavours to put more pluck and spirit into the poor lad. I painted on till one o'clock, and was about to put up my brushes and take a siesta, when I was interrupted by the entrance of Chiara, looking much heated, and, to my delight, not recognising anything strange in my model.

'How goes it with Paolo?' said I; for Chiara, after a brief greeting, was making for my bedroom door.

'Oh, well! excellently, Signor,' replied she, not pausing in her walk.

I let her go, and waited for the exclamations I knew would follow. In two minutes she came back, her face as white as her apron, and trembling so that she could hardly speak. I could not let her endure the suspense, so I said, laughing: 'Ah, Chiara, your bird is flown.'

She clasped her hands, exclaiming: 'Signor, tell me! How did you discover him? Where is he?'

'Beppo, tell your mother,' said I; and, to the good woman's astonishment, my model began his tale. The exclamations and the embraces that followed, will be readily imagined; and when the pair were calmer, I persuaded Chiara to consider what should be done with her foolish boy. I asked: 'Will he go to England?'

'Certainly,' replied his mother for him, 'if there he will be safe.'

I then assured her that if he could get a situation in a family, he would be quite safe in our beloved isle. And the happy thought occurred to me of asking Jack Goddard to take him in for a time. He was a thoroughly good-natured fellow. His wife, I knew, had a predilection for foreigners, and a dash of romance in her composition, which would not make it displeasing to her to receive and hide a runaway of this sort. She might perhaps find a place for him amongst some of her numerous friends and acquaintances. I expected Jack in the afternoon to fetch his picture, as he was to leave on Monday, and I determined to appeal to him. This settled, Chiara left us; and I painted on till three o'clock, when I sent Beppo to his den, and took my delayed siesta.

At half-past four we were at work again; and at five, Jack and his sister arrived. After due examination and approbation of the flower-girl, Jack turned to the picture of the Monsignore on the easel; and Emily admired it immensely, saying, 'how difficult it must be to paint a person from that thing,' pointing to my model. This made me laugh. I opened the Monsignore's robe, showed poor Beppo, and told his piteous tale. Great was Jack's interest in it; and he and Emily determined

at once that they would take Beppo with them, as if there were no difficulties of any kind in the way.

'But,' said I, 'your passports might be asked for. You have them, I suppose?'

'Well,' answered Jack, 'I have an old thing which has been my companion for years; but it is never asked for now.'

'Ten to one,' replied I, 'if you don't want to produce it, an inquiry will be made for it.'

'Anyhow, here it is,' said Jack. From an inner pocket he brought out a well-worn leather case, and from it gingerly took a battered paper with many *vises*, and in a very bad state of preservation. It had travelled with him for ten years, and had seen much service.

'This won't do,' said I, after an examination. 'It is made out for you, your wife, and her maid; and here you have your sister and a young man in tow.'

'Oh, bother it!' ejaculated Goddard; 'I had forgotten all about that. But Emily will do for my wife.'

'Well,' said I; 'but Beppo will *not* do for the "maid."

'No, by Jove!' laughed Jack, glancing at Beppo's bush of hair and swarthy face. 'Here's a fix.'

'Wait a moment,' put in Emily. 'We start at dusk, and are going to have a sleeping-car. I don't see why Beppo shouldn't be dressed up in an ulster, with hat and veil and a woman's wig. Then our party would answer the description in the passport. He is slim enough for a girl, and not much too tall.'

'Bravo, Emmie!' said Jack. And after further consultation, it was arranged that Beppo should join them at the station the next evening at seven, being first metamorphosed into a lady's-maid. Emily was to bring the things to me. Chiara, having been called into the council, was delighted, and promised to arrange about the hair-dressing; Emily lending an ulster, hat, and veil, and sundry etceteras, such as the skirt of a dress, and ribbon, necktie, collar, and gloves.

Beppo took very little part in the talk. When it was in English, he did not of course understand it; and when in Italian, he acquiesced in all arrangements; but appeared to think it hopeless they would be of any avail to save him from his fate.

At seven, Beppo went back to his hiding-place, and I betook myself out to dine, not returning till bedtime. I could not sleep for thinking of the poor lad so uncomfortably cramped up behind my bed, so I got up and begged him to come out and stretch himself on the floor. This, however, he refused to do, and the weary hours dragged on somehow. After breakfast, Beppo said he should like to sit to me again; he seemed to feel safer in that pose than in his den; and accordingly, although it was Sunday, I was soon painting away vigorously.

At eleven, the door was opened suddenly; and Chiara, with the whitest and most despairing of faces, rushed in exclaiming: 'Signor, we are lost! They are coming here to search. Nanina has sent a friend to warn me; they will be here immediately.'

Beppo groaned.

'Well,' said I, 'never mind; let them come.

They will search, of course. But look—look at my model; would, could they think it was a man there?—Silence!' I went on, for she was beginning to cry hysterically. 'Everything,' I continued, 'depends on you. When they come, be much surprised, of course. Say, you know nothing of Beppo; but that they can go over all your rooms, if the English gentleman will allow. Then come and ask me. But mind—if you weep or tremble, Beppo is dead!'

This exhortation had a good effect; for Chiara seemed to collect herself, and departed with a firm step.

'Now, Beppo,' said I, 'you are of wood, and you must not breathe.'

Beppo made no answer, and certainly looked most wooden.

Half an hour passed, the longest, I think, I ever spent. Then came sounds of footsteps and talking in the passage. Presently, the steps and voices came through the anteroom; then a pause outside my door, and a knock.

'Come in,' said I; and Chiara appeared, looking quite correctly surprised, indignant, and injured, in fact, acting her part to perfection; and saying in the most respectful manner to me: 'Signor, these gentlemen think I have a criminal in hiding—my poor son, whom God protect!' she added piously. 'They want to walk round your rooms, to look if any one is concealed. They say they will not hurt anything.'

I looked duly astonished; said I 'could not understand how any one could be in my rooms without my knowledge; but that, of course, the gentlemen could look if they pleased, provided they did not disturb me, as I was busy.'

Then the search began. They were four; a most peculiar-looking set of creatures, quite unlike the popular idea of conspirators. Two were fair, of German appearance, with spectacles; one dark and fat; the fourth was an evil-looking old man with gray hair, and eyes like a ferret. They peered into every corner, dragged out tables, displaced chairs, looked under the bed, in the cupboard which did duty for my wardrobe, and even sounded the wall in places; but never came near my model, or moved the bed. I painted on, my heart beating loudly; and my hand, I fancied, shaking visibly. Chiara stood, one hand on her hip, and a look of scorn and injury on her handsome features. By-and-by, the search was over. The four slowly and disappointedly walked away; the little gray-haired man turning back to say spitefully to Chiara: 'Listen! If he were hidden in the earth or the ocean, we should find him; and we *shall*!' he hissed in her ear, as he turned to go.

Chiara shrugged her shoulders. 'As God wills,' she said, and shut the door.

I listened for the retreating footsteps, and then watched from the window till I saw all four issue from the house. They did not leave together; all walked singly, and went different ways, as I could see from my post of vantage. I turned from the window, and said cheerily: 'Now, Beppo, all is easy; to-night you are free.'

For answer, poor Beppo and his heap of clothes slid down on the floor, he in a dead-faint, from which it took time to recover him.

When Chiara had at length succeeded in restoring him, the mother and son had a most melan-

choly conversation, both being persuaded that the vigilance of the 'Three'—of whom the horrid little gray-haired man was one—would not be eluded in the end, and that they would probably return in an hour or two, with fresh information as to the hiding-place.

The rest of the day did not therefore pass cheerfully. I feared lest old Greffio should return my lay-figure; he was fond of bringing his work home on a Sunday. If the conspirators should return, the presence of two such articles would certainly excite suspicion. However, slowly as the time went, it did go; and six o'clock arrived, and with it Jack Goddard and his bright little sister. Chiara meanwhile had fastened a very ugly wig on the boy, which altered him completely. When Emily had put on the skirt, and arranged the cloak, hat, and other small articles of feminine attire, Beppo was certainly disguised beyond recognition. Jack good-naturedly folded up the lad's coat with his own wraps, and stuffed his soft hat into his valise. I confess I was glad when Chiara's parting words were said and her last kiss given. I accompanied the trio to the station, and left them comfortably ensconced in the sleeping-carriage Jack had engaged. I enjoyed my dinner that evening, and slept as I had not done for a week.

Early the next morning, Greffio sent my lay-figure. As a precaution, I rigged it up, and set to work with my painting, thinking that, should the search-party return, it would be better they found all as on the visit of yesterday. It was well I did so. In the course of the forenoon, the door was flung open, and the little gray-haired man, followed by two satellites, rushed in, and without a word of preface or apology, his eyes flashing with spite and rage, dashed furiously across the room, and flung himself on my Cardinal. I saw the gleam of a dagger, heard a savage exclamation of *A morte, traditore!* and then, gray-haired man, lay-figure, chair, and properties were a mingled heap on the floor; for the vicious dagger-thrust which had been intended to execute summary judgment on poor Beppo, had fallen harmless on the wooden breast of my lay-figure!

The scene was so utterly comical, that even the attendant conspirators could not refrain from joining in my hearty peals of laughter, though at the expense of their mortified chief, who, slowly extricating himself from the ruin he had made, ruefully examined his dagger, which was broken at the point, from its encounter with the stern bosom of my wooden image.

'Well, sir,' I exclaimed, 'what apology have you to offer for this conduct? You will have to explain it to one of the gendarmes;' and forthwith I poked my head from the window, shouting 'Police!' Useless, of course, as I knew it would be; for the three men disappeared with lightning rapidity; and it would have been in vain for me to follow them. Besides this, as they were foiled, and Beppo safe, I was glad to let the matter rest where it was. Chiara, of course, had a great deal to say, and her gratitude became somewhat oppressive.

I soon left Rome for England; and am often amused when I go to Goddard's, with the recollection of Beppo's adventure. He has settled down into a steady, useful man-servant; and the terror which for a time haunted him, that even in

London he was not safe from the awful 'Three,' has worn off. Nanina will soon join him, and they propose to set up a lodging-house near the Goddards. May they thrive and prosper!

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

THE winds upon the wave are sleeping,
And softly murmureth the sea;
The stars in heaven's blue canopy,
With the bright moon, their watch are keeping.

And by that light so calmly dipping
Beneath the bridge, between the piers,
I see the glittering spars, and spears
Of sails, close-reefed, upon the shipping.

I mark the boatman, late and lonely,
In silence feathering his sculls,
Glide slowly past the distant hulls,
That look like giant shadows only.

And from the darkness of the city,
As from a weary heart, doth come
The wail of a regretful hum,
That wakes an answering sigh of pity.

For cold with care, a child of sorrow
Kneels down to meet the cruel wave;
Alack! it were a peaceful grave,
It were a lovable to-morrow!

Poor heart! to weep when all the heaven
Is glistening in the joy of light;
Poor heart! to sorrow most at night,
When care and sorrow are forgiven.

And now a hand in anguish dashes
Away a cloud of tears that tinge
The fair white light of heaven, and fringe
The drooping border of her lashes.

Anon a hand is raised above her,
And in sad melody, a prayer
Goes upward—up the altar stair,
For maiden frail and faithless lover.

The lights beside the water shiver,
The sails close-reefed shake on the mast,
As slowly, slowly goeth past
A sweet white face adown the river.

In tangled mass the hair is streaming,
That lately curled in pride of love,
The sightless eyes are fixed above,
Wide open, blind to moonlight beaming.

And cast adrift and unforgiven,
Ye say that soul will be at last,
That love is lost, that heaven will blast:
Ah! nought know ye of love or heaven.

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

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